



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

BRIEF MENTION.

The normal limit of a number of the Journal is 120 pages, and I notice to my shame,—the positive verbs of shame seldom take the participle in Greek—that the surplusage has largely run to *Brief Mention*, which could readily be spared by the graver readers of the Journal, to whom the editor's licence must be an offence or a puzzle or both. Persius ascribes his jocularly, a painfully forced jocularly, to a petulant spleen (1, 12), a pathological observation, which the commentators do not take seriously. But I have read somewhere an article on popular medicine—which I have never been able to run down—that when a man has ague-cake (indurated spleen) he cannot stop laughing, and as Persius died young *vitio stomachi*, there may be more in his plea than his critics have been willing to admit. But there is no physical woe on me to write *Brief Mention* of the lighter sort, and as I have of late occupied so much space in the Journal and shall continue to do so until I get out of the third circle of my Inferno—*sì fatta pena | che s' altra è maggior nulla è sì spiacente*—I think with compunction of all the contributors I have been obliged to put off, of all the bright spirits waiting to be born into the warm precincts of the cheerful day, and herewith suppress a dozen pages of random comment on people and problems.

Besides, this is no time for lightheartedness. As I write, news comes that my old fellow-student and age-fellow, WÖLFFLIN and, my former colleague and always friend, JOHN HENRY WRIGHT, the Latinist and the Grecian, the European scholar of world-wide renown and the Harvard Professor, whose life and work were an example to the younger generation, have joined the long procession that has been marching, as it would seem with accelerated pace, into the deep silences of the other world. One turns from the blankness of the present and seeks comfort in the thought that there is a paradise of memories for those who have finished their course. *μνάσασθαί τινά φαιμι καὶ ὕστερον ἀμύνων*. But one will not find much comfort in WILAMOWITZ's memorial address on Kirchhoff, the Academician, who departed this life some months ago. It is not cheerful reading, despite the summary of the varied achievements of the great pupil of Lachmann. Though much that Kirchhoff wrought has proved an abiding possession, though he opened the way to better things in this province and that of

Greek study, yet very much of his work has passed into the limbo of wrecked playthings; and his spider-web combinations, his ἀράχνια λεπτά in which the spinner saw the unbreakable, indissoluble bonds of Hephaistos—where are they? The palpitating life of Homer has broken his bands asunder and cast away his cords from it. We do not read Plotinus and Euripides in Kirchhoff's text, says WILAMOWITZ, we learn Umbrian and Oscan in Bücheler's school, we have lost faith in the Nostos of Odysseus; and Kirchhoff's Herodotean studies have found no favor in the eyes of Gomperz. Kirchhoff had an astounding amount of work to his credit. 'In ihm war die Kraft eines ganzen und originalen Gelehrten'; and he attained the celebrity, not to be despised, of having his name misspelt (A. J. P. V 544). But the joy of his work seems to have been denied him. He looked upon himself as one of the ἐπίγονοι, and the shadow of his great predecessors darkened his path. It is well to think on these things. What is to become of lesser men? How much of the best work of our great teachers bears legends writ in German, for German is the classic language of damnatory epitaphs—one half 'überwundener Standpunkt', the other half 'ganz gegenstandlos geworden'. The dictionary, the concordance seem to give the surest hold on aftertimes, and yet Gehring thrusts out Seber as Young has thrust out Cruden. Caravella lives only on sufferance, and Trommius, I believe, is doomed. Happy the man who is content to merge his life in the life of a high cause, and such a man was Kirchhoff, for in the judgment of his fellow-academician, he added to his rare endowments, selflessness and self-denial.

Multum nuper amisimus is the motto of the *Addenda* to the last of the three volumes of SANDYS' *History of Classical Scholarship* (Cambridge, University Press) now happily completed. For obvious reasons the plan of the work excludes the mention of living scholars and these *Addenda* register the newly dead. Zeller is the first name of those who have gone before, and Kirchhoff the second; and so up-to-date is the unwearied chronicler that he has outstripped this Journal in the citation of WILAMOWITZ'S *Nachruf*. Of course, in a necrology of the recently departed no one will look for perspective and, indeed, proportion is one of the insoluble problems of such an undertaking as that by which Professor SANDYS has made the whole world of scholars his debtor. Professor SIHLER,—whose *Testimonium Animae*, by the way, is less merciful to pagans, ancient and modern, than his Tertullianesque title would have led one to expect—might think that some of his pet Humanists have had scant measure; and I must confess that I was disappointed, quite unreasonably so, at not finding Frischlin in the Index. It was the irony of fate that I had to hunt him up with the help of his arch-

enemy, Martin Crusius. In my early pot-boiling days I wrote for the Southern Methodist Quarterly Review for July, 1856, an account of that disreputable person, based on David Strauss's interesting and instructive Life. It is not every classical scholar that has the distinction of so dramatic an exit as Nicodemus Frischlin's, not everyone that has a memorial set up to him in Baedeker. See South Germany s. v. Hohen-Urach. But to Baedeker as to SANDYS Frischlin is mainly a poet, and yet he was a poet lined with a grammarian, as is shown by his *Strigilis grammatica* (A. J. P. VIII 253). To judge by the quickening of conscience and purpose I myself have felt in reading the lives of great scholars, it seems to me of prime importance that more attention should be paid in our colleges and universities to the biographical history of philology, and it is not the least of the services Professor SANDYS has rendered to the good cause that he has not failed to enliven the long catalogue of worthies with human touches, which will be remembered long after weightier matters are forgotten.

To the second volume of VAHLEN's *Opuscula Academica* (Teubner), EMIL THOMAS has appended exhaustive indexes for both volumes, which increase the practical value of the collection indefinitely, enhance the admiration of the reader for the wide reach of the author, lighten the task of the busy reviewer and stir, or ought to stir, a lively sense of gratitude to the patient and skilful compiler. But I have neither space nor inclination for a formal review or even for the irresponsible comment, characteristic of *Brief Mention*. As I once confided to the readers of the Journal (A. J. P. XXII 229), it is impossible for me to take up any work of VAHLEN's in the impersonal way in which I am wont to approach the performances of other scholars. *τρεῖν μ' οὐκ ἔα Πάλλας Ἀθήνη* was a favorite motto of my youth. Truth is truth no matter by whom discerned. 'There is Truth', says Justin Martyr, 'and there is nothing stronger than Truth'—a sentence which Bunsen admired. The backwoodsman's motto, 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead', is a companion-piece to Diomed's declaration of confidence in his divine mistress. But somehow the awe still abides with which the newcomer looked up to the headboy of the school, and the distance instead of lessening has widened with the process of the years. Doubtless there is work for the *velites* of the philological host to do, but the battle is decided by the *triarii*. Great is the potency of the reserves, and one always thinks of the *triarii*, when one sees VAHLEN marshal his dense array of proof-texts. So I prefer not to attempt a review, though there is so much in the grammatical line on which I might say something, and I content myself with turning over the leaves of the new volume, out of which flutter so many memories of dead hopes. The Latin form

so clear, so fluent, so facile, so apt, recalls the hours the men of my generation used to spend on the now much neglected art of Latin composition. One revisits the shrine with the same feeling that came over Julian at Antioch, when in the stately language of Gibbon: 'Instead of hecatombs of fat oxen sacrificed by the tribes of a wealthy city to their tutelary deity the emperor complains that he found only a single goose provided at the expense of the priest, the pale and solitary inhabitant of the decayed temple', or to come nearer home, as I myself felt when I visited the deserted silk factory at Sparta. Hand was still studied in 1850-1853. Grysar had a certain vogue, and my copy of his *Theorie des lateinischen Stiles* is interleaved. Nägelsbach was the *κληδούχος* of the inner *cella* of Latinity, and among those who taught us to mimic Cicero I recall but not with delight the exercises excogitated by Süpfle. Schneidewin set us the task of translating Lücke's tribute to Karl Otfried Müller. Lücke, a theologian, was supposed to command an admirable German style, as un-Latin as possible, and so a good gymnastic for the novice. Ritschl believed in *Stilübungen*. In fact he exercised himself in French composition towards the close of his residence in Bonn; and we, his admiring disciples, used to collect floscules from his Latin writings. The young fellows had ideals of Latin style. Some of us rebelled against Cicero. Some were secretly attracted by Livy—*Patavinitas* and all. Some went so far as to follow Justus Lipsius in his imitation of Seneca and Tacitus. One eccentric person thought that Quintilian and Pliny the Younger were good models for those who would be at once grammarians and men of the world, and saw in the so-called Silver Latinity a real advance. 'Sedulous apes' were we all. But when it came to actual work, some of us found Gesner's *Thesaurus* a present help in time of trouble. There we had at hand alphabetically assorted the legally wedded substantives and adjectives, verbs and nouns; and every now and then long phrases could be fished out to fill the rhetorical creel. These are not the least pleasant memories of the tumultuous days of my apprenticeship, and as old Mitscherlich asked Lane whether the boys were still diligent in making Latin verse, I find myself asking whether the boys are still diligent in working out their Latin prose. They may be, though appearances are against them, but at any rate few of them can hope to reach the measure of VAHLEN. Every new test brings new trouble. The doctrine of the *clausula* adds a fresh fear to the Latinist of to-day. The management of the train is one of the great problems of the court-dame and suits what Seneca says of Latin, Ep. 40, 11: *Romanus sermo magis se circumspicit et aestimat praeбетque aestimandum*. It would be a question not without interest to see how far the instinct of modern Latinists coincides with the schemes of the Roman writers. In Greek Starkie has called attention to the havoc wrought by Rumpel and Bernhardi with the Aristophanic trim-

eters of modern versifiers (Wasps, Introd., p. xxxix), and Zielinski (A. J. P. XXV 453-463) may be to Latin prose what Rumpel and Bernhardi have been to iambic verse.

I regret to learn from the author himself that Professor MARX's lecture on *Recent Metric*, which formed the staple of my comments in the last number of the Journal (A. J. P. XXIX 369 foll.), suffered scath in passing through the press without the benefit of the lecturer's supervision or any specialist supervision at all. There are few subjects in which lapses are easier and *lacunae* more fatal. If any misrepresentation should have crept into my summary, I am sincerely sorry. The recent revolution in metres has sent me into exile (l. c. 369); and remembering the Italian patriots of my youth, I, like them, wrote *esule* on my metrical visiting-card but for a different reason—not for sympathy but for a warning. Professional exiles are never to be trusted. However, no metrician will take the *obiter dicta* of *Brief Mention* otherwise than they were meant. If I succeeded in reasserting with the help of Professor MARX the rights of the modern analysts, whatever serious object I had has been attained. That I personally have not moved on with the progress of the times, that I am waiting for the seasons to bring back in their circling course the beliefs of an earlier day, that I am still crooning the appropriate wish "Ἦθελον Χείρωνά κε Φιλιρίδαν . . . ζῶειν τὸν ἀποιχόμενον after the Schmidtian and not after the Schroederian method is a matter of no moment. And yet I hope I shall be pardoned for adding that nothing in Professor SANDYS' *History of Classical Scholarship* has given me more pleasure than the tidings (III 158), that my generous old friend HEINRICH SCHMIDT, my former fogleman, is still living and that 'amid the active occupations of a hale old age he has applied his metrical principles to the newly discovered *nomos* of Timotheos and to the odes of Bacchylides.'

It has been said of irony that at its best it is an intaglio which must be held in a certain light or make an impression on a responsive surface before it can compete with a cameo. It has been compared further to a knife-blade without a handle. It cuts both ways with a vengeance. That great master of the instrument, Plato, has left us a warning in his Cratylus, which has been considered by some a precursor to scientific etymology, by others an elaborate persiflage. And with Plato's example before him an awkward manipulator of the figure may console himself for his repeated failures. Years ago a downright Dutchman was completely mystified by an article of mine in the *Nation*, which he yet thought worth translating, and the appearance of the new Teub-

ner edition of *Pindar* by SCHROEDER reminds me of another misadventure, due to the deplorable tone of *Brief Mention*. To an honest nature an undeserved compliment is a cross, and I have been restless for nearly a twelvemonth under the congratulations received from some of my friends on the handsome way in which I surrendered to a great master my interpretation of a passage of Pindar (A. J. P. XXVIII 481). As if an editor ever gave up an interpretation to which he had once committed himself in deference to any master however great! 'Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift, Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift', and so I may as well say frankly that in the matter of my favorite motto, the motto of an aging scholar, *διάπειρά τοι βροτῶν ἔλεγχος* (Pindar, O. 4, 18), I am still in the *διαμάχεσθαι* mood and refer all inquiring friends to the superscription of B **Ονειρος*,—*Διάπειρα*, where *διάπειρα* in any other sense than that which I have given it would be *ὄνειρος*.

EDUARD VON WOELFFLIN,

JANUARY 1, 1831—NOVEMBER 8, 1908.

Although he had passed beyond the measure of three-score years and ten, the death of Wölfflin is not only a loss to the world of scholarship, but a personal one to his many friends in America, both to those who knew him through his writings, and to those who had the privilege of becoming intimately acquainted with him. During the past decade he attracted a large number of our countrymen to Munich, to all of whom he gave unusual privileges in the way of personal counsel and friendly assistance. The number of his friends and admirers in all parts of the world is shown by the testimonial presented to him on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. Since a memorial volume, the *Commentationes Wölfflinianae*, had been addressed to him ten years before, and as the plan of having his portrait painted by Lenbach was forestalled by his refusal to accept any present of great intrinsic value, this took the form of an address in Latin, to which more than five hundred signatures were appended, representing thirteen different nations, and including not only classical philologists, but specialists in many other lines.

Wölfflin was born at Basle and his studies were carried on at the university of his native town and at Göttingen, where he received his degree in 1854. From 1856 to 1861 he was privat-docent at Basle, and from 1861 to 1869 *gymnasiallehrer* at Winterthur in Switzerland. In 1869 he was called to a professorship at Zurich, in 1875 to Erlangen, and in 1880 he succeeded Halm as professor of classical philology at Munich, where he remained until his death. During the last years of his life he was emeritus professor, but in spite of ill health he continued his editorial and

literary work to the last. Although known to the world as a Latinist, he was *doctus utriusque linguae* and regularly lectured on Greek subjects.

He received all the academic honors, among which he greatly valued the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him by the University of Michigan in 1897; but although he was officially *Geheimr. Prof. Dr. phil. et iur.* Eduard Ritter von Wölfflin, to his many friends he was *Lupulus*, the simple-hearted, enthusiastic, kindly gentleman and scholar.

Although thrifty and economical in his personal expenditures, he was liberal to scholarly enterprises. To quote from the address mentioned above, *cum esses religiosissimus dispensator pecuniae publicae Tibi commissae, de Tua extitisti largitor valde munificus.*

The list of his publications is a long and varied one, and is particularly impressive in the light of his many activities, for he devoted an unusual amount of care and attention to his university lectures and to the work of his students, while in the list at the beginning of the *Thesaurus Linguae Latinae* his name appears twelve times among the revisers of texts and twenty-one times among those who made excerpts from the later writers. The address justly says, *novam quandam artis criticae aperuisti viam*, for from the beginning of his activity he laid special stress on the importance of the careful study of a writer's language and style in all critical work, and on the value of the late Latin. He possessed in a high degree the faculty of imagination, and no one excelled him in the power of giving meaning to masses of statistics by a logical arrangement and by suggestive comments. His services to Livy and Tacitus, both through his own writings and those of his pupils, are especially noteworthy.

He was deeply interested in the project for a great *Thesaurus* of the Latin language, and to him more than to any one else is due the successful beginning of that enterprise, especially through the founding of the *Archiv für lateinische Lexikographie und Grammatik*.

In spite of the many demands on his time, he was accessible to all who had a reasonable excuse for visiting him, and he talked with them without betraying impatience or preoccupation; and he was never too busy to answer letters with a fulness and cordiality that made the recipient feel that he had a special personal interest in him and in his work.

He was a man of broad general culture. His published work was always carefully written, and is lucid in its arrangement and admirable in its literary form. His articles may always be read with pleasure, whatever their subject may be. He was a musician too, both in theory and practice. He was a pianist of no mean ability, and in 1897 he presented to the Bavarian Academy, of which he was an active member, a paper entitled *Zur Geschichte*

der Tonmalerei. A march of his composition was played at the meeting of the Philological Congress in Munich in 1891.

Unlike many great scholars, he possessed the domestic virtues in an eminent degree, and entertainment at his home was among the most highly prized of the many privileges which he freely offered to his students. He leaves two sons, of whom the elder is a professor in the University of Berlin, while the younger is beginning his career as privatdocent in Basle.

No better epitaph can be written for Eduard von Wölfflin than the words applied to him by one of his pupils, in magnis voluit, in magnis vicit.

JOHN C. ROLFE.

Dr. HIRAM BINGHAM, the apostle of the twin archipelagoes of Ni Makin and Ni Peru, which the Pacific charts record as the Gilbert Islands, has passed to his account.

Few who pursue philological research with the comfort of library facilities at hand have the slightest appreciation of the difficulties which condition the work of such intrepid pioneers of unknown languages. Seldom is it recalled that these earnest workers risk their lives in order that just one slim volume may find its place on the shelves as the vocabulary of yet one more speech reduced to writing and brought within the world's reach. To those to whom it has been given to thread the island jungle of the intertropical Pacific, to endure the turmoil of its calms, to sweep perilously in its torrent currents, to struggle against the might of its tempests, feeble amid the immensities—to such remains tender sympathy with Dr. Bingham's life toil.

Exegit monumentum, for he completed his half century task of translating the Scriptures into the language of his islanders. Then for ten years he toiled to work out anew a dictionary of the speech to replace a once completed manuscript lost through the carelessness of a trusted borrower. In this year imprinted on the title page of this grievously duplicated task his life closed. There remains ready for print a Bible commentary for the instruction of the converts of the Gilbert Islands. He had accomplished his work. Doubtless he was often on the edge of despair, nevertheless he continued at his work and has won a victory and its glory.

Not of such beauty of diction as the Tahitian version, lacking the classic grandeur of the Samoan text, in fact singularly arid in its style, Dr. Bingham's Gilbert Bible falls below neither in its value to him who would explore the languages of the equatorial Pacific.

WILLIAM CHURCHILL.
